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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVI.

APRIL, 1861.

No. VI.

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EDITORS OF THE CLASS OF '61.

WILLIAM H. FULLER,

SEXTUS SHEARER,

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY,

EDWARD R. SILL,

RALPH O. WILLIAMS.

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*Behind the Curtain.*

To say that the most fully developed human character is yet very far from being perfect, is only to assert a truism, which is plainly written upon every page of that great record of life, which reaches back through six thousand eventful years. And to say that the best intended and best arranged human institutions are very incomplete in their formations and very imperfect in their workings, is none the less a sober fact.

Having premised thus much as a platform upon which we can all meet as upon common ground, it is but fair to tell you that I am not about to lead you into the enchanting regions of poetry or fiction, nor have I been gifted with any power to lift back the heavy curtains that hide from our view the work-chamber of those sisters three, where they weave and cut for us all, with remorseless hands, the web of fate. But since you and I have been together conning our parts, and together preparing to act upon that stage where we shall be "merely players," nothing more, let us pause a moment behind the curtain, which, a hand as inexorable as that of Atropos, will very soon raise, and let us, for once at least, be sincere and honest in talking with, and of ourselves. Let us for once divest ourselves of that garb of self-complacency, which, by long continued habit, has come to rest so easily upon us, and no longer try to conceal from ourselves faults which are plainly visible to all beside.

Above the entrance of the famous Temple at Delphi, where polished Grecians resorted to pay their vows to the "god of the silver bow," was inscribed a motto, than which neither ancient nor modern times has presented one more important. Century after century, as it has passed away and sunk quietly beneath the horizon of time, has reflected back, with its parting rays, that Delphian inscription, "Know Thyself." There have been philosophers and sages who have forgotten all else except the obedience of this one command, but, in obeying this, have found that they had gained all things.

The simplicity of its diction has been lost in the grandeur of its meaning, and it has become a living creed, broad enough to embrace the whole catalogue of human needs, and neither the gropings of unenlightened heathen, nor the speculations of civilized Christians, have ever been able to fathom its depth. To know one's self thoroughly and well, if at all attainable by human wisdom, is indeed its highest possible attainment, and they, who come even within hailing distance of this goal, which yields better than Olympian garlands, are very few.

I have somewhere read of a young German artist, who, while he was engaged in copying a celebrated Madonna, was so impressed with its beauty and with the depth of conception it revealed, that, in distrust of his own artistic powers, he fell into sadness, then into melancholy, and finally into madness, and died just as he had completed his matchless work, upon which he had labored for eight weary years. Sad as is the story, it shows us how entirely a great and absorbing purpose may enter into and control one's human nature, and shows us also why it is, that they who know the most of themselves, always fancy that they know the least. The spanning of a stream which seems but a trifle to one who stands on either bank, seems almost a measureless distance to him who is already struggling with its angry waves.

Self-knowledge, then, is not a sounding phrase and meaningless abstraction, but a practical and living lesson, which all must try to learn, however few accomplish it. To study the external mechanism of the most perfect work of Infinite Wisdom, is no boyish task; and to seek to know the needs and wants of the human soul, which, far away from its Father's side, has almost lost itself in perplexities and wanderings, is a work to engage our highest efforts. But be self-knowledge whatever it may, even the humblest of us may rest assured of this, that life is a reality, education not a sham, and duty something more than a poetic fiction; and that he who believes and lives the first, really acquires the second, and faithfully obeys the third, has done much toward practically applying the comprehensive command, "Know Thyself."

There is no place where such a command ought to receive more obedience ; no place where the world has a right to expect that it will receive more obedience, than in an American College. Founded, as the College was, in subordination to the State, it is its business, not to raise men above the duties and responsibilities of citizens, but the better to qualify them for their successful discharge, and self-knowledge should, therefore, be the Alpha and Omega of every College education. Every man is his own greatest mystery, and there are many who are termed learned and wise, who have no intelligent knowledge of themselves. There are few if any deliberately made wrecks in life, and the vast majority of human ruins must acknowledge a common cause. The practical question, then, which comes to us, as we stand here behind the curtain, is simply this : are we ready now to act the parts we have so long been studying or dreaming over ; and if not, rests the fault with ourselves, or with some power beyond our control ?

If, as they tell us, human nature has always been much as we find it among ourselves, what a collection of men have left this their Alma Mater, vainly trying to shake the dust from off their feet, and to lay the blame of all their imperfections upon the system of education under which they have lived. If they have been enabled to persuade themselves that they were blameless, and were erred against by the "powers that be," happy for them, for otherwise they would be destitute of both followers and sympathy.

I am not the one to yield a blind and meaningless adulation to any human institution, for I believe most heartily in the fallibility of all men, and imperfection of all things. There is no Divine Being for me save He who reigns above. There are no angels save those who walk the golden streets ; and I can find no perfection of knowledge save what results from Infinite Wisdom. But for all that, I have neither patience nor sympathy with that extreme radicalism, which tries to cloak itself under the guise of a spirit of reform, while it really aims at change rather than improvement. All of us remember well the story of the Jewish king, who was guided in his policy by the radical rather than the conservative part of his subjects, and thus lost a firmly established kingdom. That they only are worthy to command others who are enabled to command themselves, is a maxim which has come down to us with the sanction of classical antiquity, and it is an equally true and important one, that they only are fit to project and carry on great reforms, who can first apply them in their own lives. Humanity always takes infinite pleasure in trying to overstep its prescribed limits, and I suppose that those ancestors of ours, who left us an ex-

haustless legacy of sin, never ate an apple with such avidity and relish as that which brought to them and theirs the knowledge of good and evil. Had they been half as willing to obey as they were eager to disobey, they might have dwelt longer in that garden of the world.

And so, while I have tolerable faith in the purity and honesty of youthful intentions, it is necessary to distrust that wholesale criticism directed against the system of education, which extends its parental arms around the bodies and minds of five hundred students. Numerous have been the arguments, verbal and written, which have laboriously aimed to prove, that there are faults in the system under which we live. But, however apparent may be these faults, reason plainly teaches us, that neither in this world nor the next, will it be deemed an excuse for the neglect of either mind or soul, that we were obliged to seek their development amid some imperfections. The harder the struggle, the greater is the victory; and the greater the victory, the nobler is the victor's crown. While, then, it is a simple prerogative of humanity to notice blemishes in whatever comes under our physical or mental vision, it is none the less our duty to make an honest and faithful use of whatever rays of light come to us beneath the roof-tree of dear old Yale, even though there be occasional spots upon the surface of that sun which warms and lights our intellectual life.

I cannot, then, hold our College responsible for all the defects that our better judgments tell us are exhibited in our education; and the question must come back to ourselves whether or no we are doing the best our circumstances will allow? A dreamy remembrance, almost obscured by scores of later things, comes up to me from days long ago, and whispers, in a timid manner, as though I were now too far along in boyhood to turn a listening ear to fairy tales, of a curiously shaped and curiously wrought mirror, which the fairies would sometimes present to men, and thus enable them to see their characters as they must appear to others. I would that they might loan us such a mirror now, but, in its absence, let us employ reason, as best we can, and see if we can discern any serious defects in our student character.

There are times, when the laugh and the song have died away in these dear old rooms, where many generations before us have laughed and sung, have thought and labored; there are times, I say, when we sit alone, listening to our own heart-throbs, and gazing dreamily into the lazily burning fire, when we almost catch a glimpse of our inner-selves. From such self-communion I always rise, feeling that I am living a hollow, heartless life, and that nothing is so much needed by myself, and possibly by us all, as a hearty sincerity. There is no

higher virtue in social character, no surer element of success in intellectual life, and no grace more admirable in moral development, than sincerity. A single sincere word, that seems to be the outreaching of one heart for another, like the tendrils of a vine seeking something to rest upon, does infinitely more to encourage, support, and sustain, than volumes of meaningless flattery, which have their origin in the conventionalities of life, and end in mere verbiage. To be sincere, then, in the improvement of the body, mind, heart and soul, is only a reasonable discharge of the obligations we inherit in accepting existence as a gift from our Father's hand; and, until we are ourselves sincere in each and all of these respects, let us withdraw all the indictments which have been brought against the institution and system in which and under which we live.

We have passed through the age of asceticism, and have reached a period when a Christian can be "muscular," without sacrificing any articles of belief, or neglecting any ordinances of the church. A glad day it is, too, when the soul and the body are recognized as coming from the same Master's hand, and all honor to Charles Kingsley, who has dared to say by precept and example, that it is better to expand the jewel and its casket together, than to enlarge the one and contract the other. But, with all our admiration of physical culture, and with all our belief in the maxim, "*Sana mens in sano corpore*," how few of us are really sincere in caring for our bodies. Now and then some courageous and conscientious man goes regularly to the Gymnasium, and pulls with Spartan-like heroism at weights and sand-bags, or seeks to support himself in mid air by certain mysterious rings and ropes. But it seems vastly easier to deposit one's self in an easy chair, and sit and dream the hours away, than to brave either the winter's cold or the summer's heat, with an eye to the future welfare of our tenelements of clay. By thus neglecting our bodies, we wrong ourselves, and dishonor Him whose handiwork we are; for, if the jewel within have any value at all, surely the casket that contains it is worth preserving.

We are, it may be, more sincere in caring for the mind, because that is constantly brought before us, and our very existence here is made to depend upon the daily record of our *seeming* intellectual proficiencies. But, be the standard as high as it may, and be the laws as strict as they will, it is always easy enough to ignore the one and evade the other, and, with all charity, I must suppose that the number of sincere students here to-day is but a very small portion of the number recorded in our last Catalogue. It is passing strange, that here, where every



influence and association seems fitted to lead us onward in those paths which we have professedly chosen, there should be so little sincerity in study. They who really study hard, with rare and honorable exceptions, would hardly like to have it known, and to get careless enough to attend recitations, habitually, without any previous preparation, is considered by many as the ultimatum of College discipline. A little experience in the world will doubtless convince us, that idleness and unfaithfulness will not form the most abiding foundation possible for future success, and, as years and cares cluster around us, we shall, better than now, realize the worth of sincerity in our mental culture.

And once more, brethren, ere the curtain rises and we exchange hurried farewells, let us ask ourselves, are we sincere in our friendships? A large part of the charm of College life, while we are here, and, as older brethren tell us, of the pleasure its remembrances awaken, results from College friendships. And surely there must be strength in chains, to which every day for years has given an additional link, and, if the human heart be anything more than a poetic fiction, sincerity in College friendships is and can be a fact. Self-interest, or unreasonable prejudices, may have turned the heads and hearts of some, who used to be almost daily visitants in our rooms, or almost constant companions in our walks; but, let us not say in our bitterness, "All men are liars," but rather cling the closer to those whom time has proved to be both true and constant. There are some influences here that tend to make us uncharitable, sometimes, perhaps, unreasonable; and it is against such influences that we must always struggle, lest the canker of distrust shall gradually overspread our hearts.

To make an exclusive speciality of either physical training, hard study, or social culture, is not my idea of College life. They are by no means each inconsistent with the rest, but are all indispensable to vigorous manhood. Some seem to think that good scholarship and good fellowship, are things antagonistic, and that it is impossible to recognize the claims of both; as though the mind and heart are so arranged, that whatever care and culture is given to one, is necessarily taken from the other. But surely, he who is willing to admit that his Master gave him a mind and bade him improve it, is none the less qualified for a friend; nor is he who studiously ignores all claims of the intellect, any the better adapted to understand the meaning of that sacred word which marks the union of kindred minds.

Be faithful in all things, is a maxim which ought to govern us in College and in the world, and he who comes the nearest to its practi-

cal obedience, is the worthiest of praise. And if, according to the beautiful creed of Hawthorne's gentle "Hilda," God has set us here in an evil world, and has given us only white robes, which he has bidden us wear back to him as white as when we put them on, let us, by all means, be sincere in our dealings with ourselves, in our relations to others, and in obeying the precepts of God, so that we shall always be found to have been honest men, faithful friends, and loving children.

J. L. S.

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### Extempore Speaking.

THE ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING; HINTS FOR THE PULPIT, THE SENATE AND THE BAR. By M. BAUTAIN, Vicar-General and Professor at the Sorbonne, etc., etc.

THE professional men of our country whose duties in "the political assembly, the sanctuary of justice, the academy and the Church," require them to use that most potent of all influences, human speech, and especially American Students, engaged in a preparatory discipline for public stations, are under a peculiar obligation to the gentleman who has introduced to the American public the above work of the eloquent Bautain. To the former class, whose habits of speech have become fixed by long practice, this treatise can be of comparatively little value. But to young men who have not been made round-shouldered by the custom of speaking to an audience from a manuscript, to young men whose powers can be easily moulded by patient effort, such a work is invaluable. The fact that it is not as well appreciated among us, or perhaps I should say, so well known as it should be, will be my excuse for attempting a brief discussion of its merits.

The great peculiarity of the work is its unity of design. The author sits down in his study, not to force into sickly existence a new theory; not to impose upon the world a didactic treatise laying down absolute rules; but to draw from a personal experience of years in the University and the Church, a few "recommendations," as he calls them, which a person can adapt to his own necessities and requirements.

Extemporaneous speaking, from its very nature, cannot be regulated by definite rules. There are of course certain general principles and laws of development which apply equally to all, while in minute particulars the mental constitution and habits of each individual will determine the method of culture he should pursue. Men are wanting not so much in a desire to improve their powers, as in a knowledge of the best means to accomplish this end. They need an acquaintance with a few general principles, a few landmarks by which they may direct their progress. These universal laws readily adapt themselves to the intellectual nature of each individual, and while affording a systematic basis of improvement they are continually suggesting, as he proceeds, the special requirements of his own constitution. Such a treatise as that before us is valuable not only as illustrating in the experience of a single individual the operation of those general principles, but as giving a clear exposition of their nature and universal application. There is a perfectly logical connection between all its parts; in their essential importance they hang one upon another like so many links in a chain. The author begins with the very rudiments of the art, and with a perspicuity, so characteristic of French writers, leads you on from step to step, until the whole plan appears in its beautiful harmony with the processes of nature. The special purpose of the work is to develop the method by which a person can best prepare himself for an extemporaneous address; but preliminary to this the first part is devoted to a thorough and exceedingly interesting discussion of the qualities natural and acquired, necessary to a successful extemporaneous speaker. The old Roman rhetorician maintained that orators are made. It is possible, however, that Quintilian did not mean this as an absolute assertion, but intended it as a general truth expressed in concise axiomatic form so agreeable to the ancient philosophers. Be this as it may, our author looking at his own experience, shows by a most discriminating analysis that for any one to become a good extemporaneous speaker he must have certain natural aptitudes, certain native qualities of disposition to which his acquired powers are merely supplementary. Seven natural qualities are enumerated as of essential importance: "a lively sensibility, a penetrating intelligence, a sound reason or good sense, a prompt imagination, a firm and decisive will, a natural necessity of expansion or of communicating to others ideas and feelings, and finally, a certain instinct which urges a man to speak as a bird to sing." It may be doubted whether all these qualities are natural, but no one will question the fact of their necessity and value.

Under the head of acquired powers are enumerated "the art or method of thinking" and "the art or method of saying." The author lays great stress upon the study of logic, the "gymnastics of thinking." He laments the tendency of our age to ignore rules and thrust into our methods of thought that liberty which everywhere else has torn down the restraints upon human action. At the University of Strasbourg he introduced a practical course of logic in written and oral exercises to remedy this departure from the old syllogistic method of reasoning, and, to use his own words, it "proved exceedingly useful." To acquire the art of saying, practice in writing, as producing a fluency of language and securing an appropriate selection of words and phrases, is especially insisted upon, and in addition to this a studious attention to the characteristics of distinguished public speakers. The physical qualities of the orator, natural and acquired, are next discussed with the same depth of research. Valuable as they are to the man who speaks memoriter or from manuscript, they are even more important to the extemporaneous speaker. A forcible and graceful delivery cannot be dispensed with in his case; destitute of the accomplishments of voice, of utterance, and of oratorical action, his discourse loses its power to sway the multitudes, and thus is lost one of the great advantages connected with extemporization.

But leaving this preliminary discussion, we pass on to the main part of the work, which is devoted to the real earnest labor of the extemporaneous speaker. Hitherto his natural and acquired powers have occupied our attention; but now the orator begins to employ these powers in laying up a store of ideas and arranging them in an appropriate order, and when this is done he appears before us, and each division of the discourse from exordium to peroration is carefully dissected. The extemporaneous speaker stands before his audience without a single external reliance; whatever resources he possesses are within his own mind; he is expected to speak with fluency, point and clearness; to avoid discursiveness, and to show a thorough acquaintance with his subject. To estimate aright the value of our author's suggestions we must consider whether, if faithfully carried out, they will fit the orator to meet these requirements. There are three points which embrace the scope of his recommendations: the preparation of the plan of the discourse, the living transcript of this plan in the mind of the speaker, and the realization of it in the discourse itself. Nothing can be more appropriate than the author's manner of treating these subjects. Each suggestion is drawn from the analogy of nature and finds its confirmation in the striking similarity of our mental oper-

ations to the vital processes of physical existence. No better illustration of this characteristic can be found than in the method of elaborating a plan. The successive steps are the precise determination of the subject, which is best accomplished by stating it in the form of a proposition, and a lively conception of the leading idea in which all others are made to converge, thus forming a system which the author forcibly compares to the system of arteries and blood vessels centering at the heart and reaching to every part of the human frame. When the "organic generation" of ideas, the "mental incubation," is completed, then, he says, is the time to transcribe upon paper the plan of the discourse. This imparts to the plan a distinctness of outline and clearness of statement all important to the success of the speaker when he comes to give a living body to the skeleton of thought. The author further insists that the plan, after being carefully written out and stripped of all superfluities of thought and language, should be thoroughly inwrought in the memory, so that the mind can inspect it at a glance. He would have us ignore entirely the use of notes, on the ground that they become an embarrassment instead of a help. "Nothing," he says, "so thoroughly freezes the oratorical flow as to consult those wretched notes." When the orator has completed his intellectual preparation, it remains for him to keep calm and collected, and resist the peculiar distractions of his position. This, however, does not forbid a due degree of anxiety and fear, which Bautain regards as an essential element in the constitution of the extemporaneous speaker. The preparation of the body also receives a proper share of attention. If it is important to the success of the orator who delivers a written effort, how much more important is it to the extemporizer whose whole frame is the scene of intense mental conflict; his brain, lungs and nervous system being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement in some parts of the discourse.

The remaining part of the treatise proper is devoted to a discussion of the several parts of the speech itself, as they are successively developed on the field of oratorical action. "The exordium, the entrance upon the subject, the realization of the plan, the crisis of the discourse, the peroration," all are treated in a manner showing an intimate acquaintance with the peculiar difficulties of extemporization, and the best means of avoiding them. In the beginning of his discourse, the extemporaneous speaker has not brought all his powers into action; a strong inertia holds him back, and when this is overcome, he meets with still another difficulty; in the excitement of the moment he is liable to escape the connecting idea, he may fail to strike the key which

will send its vibration through every part of the plan; and after he has fully entered upon the discourse, some unexpected thought or image may divert his attention, and seriously disarrange his ideas. All these difficulties are met by a few practical suggestions.

Such, then, is a brief account of the scope and merits of this truly eloquent work, valuable, in many respects, to the writer and general speaker, as well as to the extemporizer. It shows the author to be a thoroughly earnest man, throwing himself into his subject with all the fire and energy of his nature. From beginning to end it is characterized by a fertility and aptness of illustration, which impart a perfect clearness to every explanation, and surround the whole subject with an interest quite in contrast with that belonging to most works of this class. Let any one who is possessed of those qualities which have been enumerated, practice the recommendations of the author, with the same enthusiasm that dictated them, and he can hardly fail of attaining a commendable degree of excellence in this most difficult department of oratory. Extemporaneous speaking is the finest field for the display of genuine eloquence. Especially is this true in our own country, where, under the fostering care of representative government, the interests of religion, of justice, of legislation, and of politics, combine to develop the highest style of oratory. It may be urged, that extemporization tends to superficiality. Such a possibility is not to be contemplated in the light of the eloquent work of Monsieur Bautain. We cannot more appropriately close than in the words of the author himself, which form a triumphant answer to the oft-repeated objection: "My young friends, before speaking, endeavor to know what you have to say, and for this, study—study well. Obtain by perseverance an acquaintance, first, with all that relates to classical learning; and then, let each labor ardently in the department to which his vocation urges him. Whatever you study, do so solidly and conscientiously. Bend your whole mind to the object you seek to know, and let it not go till you have entered into, mastered, and grasped it, so as to comprehend it, to conceive it within yourselves, to possess the full idea of it, and to be able to give an account of it to yourselves and to others." When the extemporaneous speaker has done all this, he cannot be superficial.

W. D. S.

## Ambulatory.

"Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her."

AMONG the facilities offered for acquiring an education by New Haven, I count its natural facilities as by no means the most insignificant. "To eat, drink and be merry," we do not ask a scriptural confirmation to assure us, is not the formula of the healthiest philosophy. If board and lodging are the only noble objects, if there be no kindly influence in virtuous emotion, or no discipline in the exercise of the most refined enjoyment, then let us stick close in the atmosphere of antiquated literature, or enshroud ourselves in the mustiness which our libraries afford. Nevertheless man cannot live by erudition alone; and if he give himself up to Greece and Rome so completely, that he is always a few thousand years behind his times, his whole life will be a prolonged endeavor to re-heathenize the world. I however, am bold to say, that it may be worth our while to study the "books in the running brooks;" and that we are standing quite as near our Creator when the sky only is over us, as when reading the mummified morals which have never been accepted in any period of history.

Better than a good Greek recitation or an original demonstration in Euclid; nay, even better than a meerschaum and a hand at whist in a fetid room, is a walk to West Rock,—with its view of the city and the distant meadows, where Mill River, like an antediluvian snake winds toward the Sound; with its prospect of the Giant sleeping in his majestic calm; with its Judges' Cave, and all the neighboring trees whispering as you come up—"So, let us see how this fellow worships here!" in a word, with its balms of lively pulse, and purified thought, and gentler sympathies toward all mankind. The writer of this is of a phlegmatic temperament, and yet if he ever does feel like calling for a lyre, it is when he looks out upon that file of grand old hills, which have been halting for some centuries beyond the western boundary of this city. He has seen them by a clear summer dawn, when they seemed to lie along the horizon with such a wealth of good-natured strength that, in his enthusiasm, he has wished to be broad-armed enough to hug their shaggy bosoms. Or he has seen them on a dark November day, when they loomed up sullen and impregnable, as a heavy grief upon the mind. He saw them at another time. It had been a sulphurous Independence Day; and a friend and himself—hunted from one lurking to another by clash and clang unceasing—

fled by night from the city toward West Rock, as it basked mellow and beautiful under the full moonlight. The uproar died away, long before we reached its base, and changed to utter stillness as we stood upon its summit. We sat down there lifted up toward the heaven. Below us in the town, we knew there was a horrid din and horrid smell of brimstone, loud obscenity and swearing, and swarms of vicious thoughts; while here all was serene and noiseless, except when a foreign sound came softly floating in upon us. We had gone out feverish with trivial ambitions, and saddened by ephemeral sorrows, but the night-wind was taking them away. It went hard with our self pride at that time. It went hard to listen, in that still hour, to the whispers of the heart, and find them passionate and guilty. It went hard to gaze up at the calm, rebuking stars, and feel our sophistry falling off and leaving us naked and pitiful. But it brought a deep peace, thus, as it were, to own our shame on that high place before the Universe. And the smaller peaks were watching us, yet we knew they would not babble any of the secrets we might trust to them: our little confidence, along with other stranger things, we felt would be forever unbetrayed, till the Great Command should thrill them into speech. After much meditation, we started to descend, feeling our way with caution lest we might slip and dash ourselves to pieces; and turning toward our city dungeon, we left the gray Rock with its mystery, to Silence and the Night.—Old Rock, so often eulogied by College rhymers, I too would add a thankful word, however clumsily it may be spoken. Thou hast strengthened me when weak, hast cheered me when cast down, hast chastened every dangerous speculation. As I go wandering abroad, I may, indeed, see many more pretending mountains, but thy memory—clinging with other College recollections—shall often call me back and make me once again the wayward student of past years. From the youth who come up here to Yale, thou wilt attract less giddy pupils; and unto these as unto me, thou shalt become a stern yet faithful teacher, whose intelligence shall not get dim with age. Our instructors may be slow to see thy influence, but thou art greater than them all; worshipped with a higher love and served with a more perfect obedience.

But the "melancholy days" of rain and frost must have their rule, when hygienic law prohibits strolling off among the hills. Yet must we break with Nature during the long winter months? Trust me, if we are fair-weather friends, we shall get but scanty pleasure from her acquaintance. "Why does not every one (who can afford it)," asks Leigh Hunt in his graceful way, "have a geranium in his window or



some other flower? It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love." I fear that certain of us will put the idea to flight, as sentimental and unmanly, and feel it more ennobling to tipple vigorously, and shrivel into that dismal being known as a jolly blade. I will turn from these then, and ask the gentle-men among us, why they do not act upon the hint, and detain one of these tiny hostages for the return of milder skies. The little elf will charm away with its soft presence the coarser feelings which the lustiness of young life is apt to call into being, and a score of times during each day, will thrust its cheerfulness upon your gloomy reveries. There is a prevalent opinion that birds and flowers are fit for girls, but that a boy to be noble and hearty and in no respect a milksop, must put away innocent things, and get a little of the fiery flavor of sin; that men respect him more, and women smile upon him sooner when he has a small coloring of vice. Hence he indulges in semi-profane by-words, chews tobacco and demeans himself stoutly, in order to gain the poor name of a plucky mettled fellow. I am not sure but this would be quite to the credit of a cannibal, but I am sure that it is totally repugnant to the spirit of civilization. Just look at it! God has been exhibiting before us a series of magnificent cloud-paintings, each day renewed; He has touched the forests with a loveliness of color inconceivable; at His command, the flowers have been blossoming ever since the world was made, and yet man has gone on disregarding all these pleasures, until a good part of the planet's probation has already passed. We ought then, in this century, to make up for our lost time. How many sunsets and how many autumns have faded away unenjoyed! Now, when our minds are so impressible, we ought to cherish all the more exalted feelings, and remember that the birds, shrubs, cliffs, and skies, are all that remain as the Almighty made them—the last surviving treasures of an incomparable creation.

When I enter a student's room and find a hyacinth on his window, or a bird making music just outside of it, I feel immediate respect for him. I say to myself that he is one probably who honors father and mother, who will not overreach you in a bargain, and will give you pleasant words oftener than sharp. For there is such a delicate admission of the amenities of life here, that he cannot be entirely depraved. Besides it is not altogether fanciful that it may educate him somewhat. As the bulb gave no sign of its expanded splendor, so may there be in some nook of his heart an undeveloped affection; and as, day by day, he notices the swelling shoot, putting forth leaves and crowning itself with a wondrous blossom, so may the affection get greener, and in the end burst into perennial beauty.

The man who loves the country, I repeat, cannot be a bad man. Many fine fellows doubtless take to it easily, when the partridge is in season, but let us beware how we bestow upon them for it, unjust praise. Nature is plain honesty. No print of earthly fingers on her hills and leaves and streams! Springing into life fresh from the hand of Him with whom is only truth, she strikes a discord in the dishonest soul; the insincerity of city life chimes with its inclination—the canvas landscapes of the theater are nearer to its liking. But to him who has not parted with all sentiments of virtue, rural life presents a fascination which cannot be imitated. It is continually warning him by its eternity of his mortality; and teaching, by day or night, how small an atom he is of the creation. Twice in my life, at least, I have been humble. Once in a bright midnight when I looked down over our western Babylon with its crowded ulcerous civilization, and saw the Pleiades overhead, “like big eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man;” and again when I watched alone through a night on the bank of a great river—whose waters had conquered three thousand miles of their rapid journey to the Gulf—with starlight above me, and a wilderness on either side.

It is not probable, however, that we shall take much notice of Nature as an educator, for many years to come. Half a century hence, however, when our woods are hewn away and our hills blotched over with unsightly tenements, our sons shall begin to appreciate the blessings which their fathers cast aside. Our character, moreover, will by that time have been changed, or rather, formed. We shall have recovered from the abominable habit of calling Tennyson pretty, and of labeling all books as “summer literature,” which do not concern eating or trafficking. We shall, in some measure at least, by that time, have got dissatisfied with the cold deductions of the reason and have begun to listen to the intuitions of the heart.

And yet, as it is, I do not leave off hoping that these country rambles may be of use to us. We may be destined to be bound by the omnipotent incentives of daily bread to a desk in the darkest corner of a dark counting-room. How pleasant then to take with us into the dreary den, a memory of sunlight and violets! Begrimed as we shall be with the cares of business, we will require all such memories to keep us from becoming altogether worldly.

s. s.

## Gennesaret.

"Aus des Meeres tiefem tiefem Grunde  
Klingen Abendglocken."

THE aching eyes that tell of grief,  
When Death removes some cherished friend,  
Find in those scenes a sweet relief,  
Where each, swift years of joy did spend,  
And thus we follow evermore,  
His steps, who traveled wearily  
Along the hills and on the shore,  
That skirt the Sea of Galilee.

No more its dotted surface shines,  
With sails as vying each with each—  
No Roman palaces and shrines,  
Still sparkle on the Western beach;  
But now, as long before, each morn  
O'erspreads Mount Hermon with its light,  
And purple haze of early dawn  
Enshrouds the sacred Tabor's height.

Yet can we see the sloping ledge,  
With grey crags bending overhead,  
Where, seated near the water's edge,  
The grateful multitudes were fed;  
Yet doth the fisher guide his boat,  
Beneath the cliff that courts the sea,  
From which the blessed words did float:  
"O ye that labor, come to me!"

Two waving palms, wet with the spray  
Of Jordan's glittering cascades,  
Mark where it enters on its way—  
A silver thread among the glades,  
And onward where no foot doth press,  
Beyond all human toil and care,  
It seeks that pulseless wilderness,  
Where He did dwell alone in prayer.

Can we, who linger near Lucerne,  
And think no lessons half so sweet  
As those which we delight to learn  
Beside some such transparent sheet—  
Can we not fully sympathize  
With Him, who saw His Father's hand,  
In depths that shadow forth the skies,  
And waves that kiss the shelly sand?

The storm-tossed vessel labored here,  
 Where He reposed in tranquil sleep,  
 When the faint crew roused Him in fear,  
 To view the tempest on the deep;  
 The foam snatched from the breakers' side,  
 The mocking winds swept o'er them chill,  
 Yet wind and wave and swelling tide,  
 Sank at his censure: "Peace—be still!"

Full many a courtly queen may reign,  
 And hear the age her praises yield;  
 The maiden hero of Lorraine  
 Might seek them in the battle-field;  
 But these rude rocks once knew her name,  
 Whose virtues all the world has seen—  
 Whose true heart all true hearts proclaim,  
 The faithful, loving, Magdalene.

'Tis sweet to hear the minster chimes,  
 That wake calm hope of what shall be,  
 When the freed soul near Heaven climbs,  
 In strains of sacred minstrelsy:  
 But sweeter far these words, that come  
 Through the clear Eastern atmosphere,  
 From Galilee—His earthly home,  
 Who lived and loved and labored here.

Yes, lovely lake, thy hills are bare—  
 Thy villages are desolate—  
 Thy proudest fanes the ruin share—  
 Thy fields have met the spreading fate!  
 But thy calm waters speak of peace,  
 To him who seeks their quiet yet,  
 Of glory which shall never cease,  
 Once shrined within Gennesaret.

J. N. H.

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### S. S. Prentiss.

A Memoir of S. S. PRENTISS, Edited by his brother. 2 Vols. New York: Charles Scribner.

READER—hereabouts, that book is a rare curiosity. You may search the three Libraries; you may inquire at every bookstore in town; but

you will not find it. For, here before me, is the only copy in the city, (that is—outside of private collections.) Yet, among the 67,000 Vols. in the Library building, one brief Magazine Article is the only memorial of the once famous S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi. And so, let us see what the two Vols. on the table here, have to tell.

Seargent Smith Prentiss, horn of humble parents, at Portland, Me., in 1808, died at Natchez, in the forty-second year of his age—having, throughout all the great Southwest, a reputation as an orator, never equaled.

When sixteen years old, he graduated at Bowdoin College, and soon left New England for the West. For a while, he stayed at Cincinnati; but soon went to Natchez, where he remained as tutor in a private family, until his admission to the bar. In his first case, he gave an instance of the eloquence and boldness which afterward so distinguished him. It was in the backwoods of Mississippi, Prentiss entered the court, a short, headless boy, unknown to all. The Judge, with some coolness, informed him that he had already formed his opinion against the side which he advocated, and that he did not wish to hear an argument on the subject. But the young lawyer insisted on his right to be heard. Permission was at length given, and he made a speech so effective, that the Judge frankly acknowledged his error, and gave a verdict in favor of Prentiss. This was but the first link of an almost unbroken, and truly wonderful, chain of successes.

Prentiss soon removed to Vicksburg. As the fame of his eloquence and wit had preceded him, business rapidly flowed in from every quarter. Here, for several years, he devoted himself to his profession, taking but little interest in politics. But it was impossible for a young man of his talents to remain, long, an indifferent observer of public affairs. At the early age of twenty-six, he was elected, by the Whig party, a Representative to the State Legislature, and for the next eight years, was ardently engaged in political life. Two years after this election, he was nominated as a candidate for Representative in Congress.

Now, the man began to show his real self; to display those qualities which everywhere—in the backwoods or the city—excited such marvelous enthusiasm. He “stumped” the State, and for ten weeks averaged thirty miles a day on horseback, and spoke two hours each week day. During this time he visited forty-five counties, and did not miss a single appointment. The Democratic party had had a large majority in the State, and made most vigorous efforts to prevent his success. In vain, however, for Prentiss and his colleague, Word,

were elected to Congress, in place of Claiborne and Gholson, the Democratic Representatives. This result was mainly brought about by Prentiss. Everywhere his eloquence was victorious. On one occasion, an old Democrat became so excited by his fascinating address, that, at its conclusion, he walked towards him, and, ripping open his coat behind, said; "Well, they may call me a turncoat, if they choose; but I won't be that—I shall just *back out* of my coat, and vote for S. S. Prentiss and T. J. Word.

But the Democrats, having the control of the House, voted that Messrs. Claiborne and Gholson, who had been elected for the *special session only*, should retain their seats during the regular twenty-fifth Congress. Therefore, Prentiss and Word, on arriving at Washington, found their seats pre-occupied. Then followed the most excited case of contested election ever known in this country. Not only in Congress, but through the whole nation, the interest in it was intense. The day fixed for the discussion, at length arrived. The House was densely packed by a multitude, eager to hear the young stranger. Notice was sent to the other wing of the Capitol, and in five minutes the Senate chamber was empty. All the Foreign Ministers and distinguished strangers of the city, crowded in and filled every corner. In front of the chair sat the venerable John Quincy Adams; further back, looking over the heads of the crowd, was the tall form of Henry Clay, and on the other side stood Daniel Webster. Such was the audience that, for three days, during the time for debate, that young orator—twenty-nine years of age—held, as it were, fascinated.

When Mr. Webster was leaving the Hall, at the close of the speech, he said to a friend, "Nobody could equal it." Ex-President Fillmore writes: "It was certainly the most brilliant speech that I ever heard, and, as a whole, I think it fully equaled, if it did not exceed, any rhetorical effort to which it has been my good fortune to listen, in either House of Congress." Praise from such men needs no comment.

The House decided in favor of Prentiss and Word; but, through some party maneuvering, the vote was changed, and Claiborne and Gholson retained their seats. Prentiss' blood was now up, and he returned home, determined to carry the next election in spite of all the Democrats in the country. No champion of the opposite party dared meet him singly in public debate; so, some twenty hit upon the following plan.—Prentiss was to speak in the principal town of Marshall county—the largest county in the State, and the one which often decided the elections. In the last campaign, it had given a democratic majority of 2,500. The speaking had been appointed to take place at

noon. So these twenty valiant gentlemen decided to invite Prentiss to breakfast, then each would pledge him in a bumper, and by noon, so they thought, he would be under the table, while they could have the speaking to themselves. At this time, Prentiss was in the very prime of vigor, and excelled as much in drinking healths as in making speeches. He willingly accepted the invitation—he drank with his deluded hosts successively and repeatedly. Then, at noon, leaving them where they had intended he should be, he went out and made one of his best speeches. At the next election the county gave a *Whig* majority of over 2,000. Prentiss was returned to Washington, and claimed his seat under the previous election—refusing to admit the validity of the second. He made several important speeches, which added to his already great reputation; yet he did not enter with much ardor on his new course of life, and, in his letters, declares his dislike for it.

At the close of the session, he visited his family at Portland. While there, a public dinner was given at Boston, in honor of Daniel Webster, and an invitation to be present was extended to Prentiss. He accepted. Edward Everett, who presided on the occasion gives the following account of it. "With the exception of the Guest of the day, no one was received with so much enthusiasm as Mr. Prentiss. He rose at rather a late hour and after a succession of able speakers. For these, and some other reasons, it required first-rate ability to gain and fix the attention of the audience. He was, however, from the outset, perfectly successful. The words flowed from his lips in a torrent; but the sentences were correctly formed, the matter grave and important, the train of thought distinctly pursued, the illustrations wonderfully happy—drawn from a wide range of reading and aided by a brilliant imagination. Sitting by Mr. Webster, I asked him if he had ever heard anything like it. He answered, '*Never, except from Mr. Prentiss himself.*'"

During the campaign of 1844, Prentiss delivered the opening address at a "Grand Whig Mass Convention," in New Orleans. Mr. Clay, the Whig candidate for the Presidency, was there, and the assemblage was said to be the largest which had ever met in Louisiana. On the way down the river to the city, for seventy-two hours, Prentiss did not close his eyes to sleep; but was continually eating, drinking, making speeches, and playing cards. The morning of the fourth day came. He was to address a vast number of people to whom he was well known, and who expected from him something superior to all previous efforts, and many thought it absolutely impossible for

him to be prepared. Says an auditor, "I mingled with the expecting crowd. An hour before, I had seen Prentiss, still apparently ignorant of his engagement. The time of trial came, and the remarkable man presented himself, the very picture of buoyant health—of unbroken rest. His triumph was complete—high wrought expectations were more than realized, prejudice was demolished, professional jealousy silenced."

In the same campaign, he made his great speech or rather speeches in Nashville. His fame had preceded him, and he found an immense multitude awaiting his arrival. From the neighboring states, men came in crowds to hear him, and it was estimated that forty thousand were present. The Hon. James C. Jones, then Governor of Tennessee, writes,—“He entranced the immense crowd, that was estimated by acres, for about two and a half hours. The applause was terrific. So captivated were his hearers, that no entreaty was of any avail; they were unwilling to disperse for their homes, until they had again heard that manly, eloquent voice.” So they prevailed on Prentiss to speak again, at night. His eloquence on this occasion was even more captivating than before. But in the midst of his address, over-exertion brought on stricture of the chest, and he fainted. As he fell into the arms of his friends, Gov. Jones, carried away by his enthusiasm, exclaimed,—“Die, Prentiss, *die!* you’ll never have a more glorious chance.” But no constitution could long endure such inconceivable labors as Prentiss imposed upon himself. About this time his health broke up, and having lost the most of his property, he removed to New Orleans. Although compelled to master an entirely different system of law, he maintained his reputation, and soon gained an extensive practice. He retired totally from public life, and devoted himself wholly to his profession. Whatever might have been his previous habit, he was now a thoroughly industrious man,—apparently determined to make the best possible amends for his wasted time and property. He lived in New Orleans until his death, which occurred in 1850.

My admiration of Mr. Prentiss may mislead my judgment, but he seems to me, to have been an almost perfect orator. He had the faculty, not only of pleasing but of influencing the people. His voice was sweet and clear, yet wonderfully powerful. He read a great deal and so rapidly, that his friends used to say that he took two pages at once—one with each eye. All that he learned, his retentive memory held, and he never was at a loss for an appropriate word, quotation or comparison. His remarkably brilliant imagination, instead of weak-



ening his other faculties, only gave them force and concentration. His sarcasm was most severe; but it did not irritate and madden, it overpowered. Undoubtedly, however, his great influence as a popular orator, was owing to the real importance of the sentiments which he uttered, and his evidence being in their truth. From the beginning to the end of his career, his aim seemed to be to impress upon the popular mind, just and patriotic notions. Moreover he gave to the people, not merely fine declamation and beautiful comparisons; but good, sound arguments. True sometimes his arguments were buried in figures; yet they were there none the less. Men often might not notice it, for "after witnessing the dexterous sleight of Saladin, they are slow to believe that the same arm will presently swing, with equal ease, the battle-axe of a Richard."

But Prentiss was no less successful at the bar of the Supreme Court, than before the people. Indeed, distinguished lawyers claim that he principally excelled as a jurist. So well developed were his faculties of analysis and generalization that he often, in a moment, saw through cases which required patient investigation from most men. More than once, he argued, and gained, important suits, with no more information about them than what he learned from the witnesses—so wonderfully accurate and extensive was his knowledge of law. In short, he was, as we say, sound and deep.

Regarding, then, his brilliant declamation, his great knowledge, his vivid imagination and his convincing logic; recalling the encomiums of Webster, Clay, Fillmore and Everett—keeping in mind the fact of his early death—shall we consider Mr. Milburn extravagant when he says: "He was the greatest orator that ever stood before an American audience?"

B. I.

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### Parting Hints.

"How many a father have I seen,  
A sober man among his boys,  
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,  
Who wears his manhood hale and green?"

And dare we to this fancy give,  
That had the wild oat not been sown,  
The soil left barren, scarce had grown  
The grain by which a man may live?"

I have spent three years in College; have applied myself assiduously and unremittingly to the prescribed "course of study," and have succeeded therein to the eminent satisfaction of all interested, so that now I stand far distant from a great majority of my Class. I am a man of sedate and thoughtful character; lead a quiet, dignified life; and despise the frivolities which disgrace many of my classmates.

During the years I have spent here I have had occasion to notice many things, which to my unbiased mind have seemed unworthy so noble a mother as Yale. Now I do not believe in puppies barking at the moon, simply because it is bright and never deigns to respond to its assailants; and I think many complaints are made against Yale by such persons and for similar reasons. But having submitted myself to my mother's regulations, and obeyed submissively her will, now that I have attained my majority, and am about to cut her apron-string, I claim the right, as I bid her God-speed and good-bye, to tell her where-in she seems to me to be capable of improvement. I speak because I love her; and intending to increase the numbers of those who love her, I wish her standard not behind, but if possible far in advance of the age. Therefore, O Mother, and ye beloved Fathers who sit in judgment over us, hearken unto my words and "hear me for my cause;" and if I shall in anything show in reality a fault, do not despise the truth because it comes from one who is yet a son. For cannot we, who are here in the shop at work, feel and appreciate the weight of at least a few regulations better than those who, while they oversee and strictly guard, yet necessarily cannot justly understand the result of that which they only make but cannot feel?

The first fault I would find, and perhaps the last, is the "Code of Laws" instituted here. I claim they should be abolished for two reasons; first, because they do no good; and secondly, because they cause positive evil.

They do no good because they are notoriously disobeyed, and the offenders are not punished and cannot be. The Code contains catalogues of criminal offenses, from sailing, playing billiards or cards, to taking a supper, or being absent from rooms during "study-hours," &c., &c., which are not only openly violated, but their violation is winked at, and in some cases at least assisted by officers of College.

Whenever an offense is committed for which the offender must be

punished, if his crime happens not to be in the catalogue, the Faculty use the right, which of course belongs to them, of punishing it *as a crime*, whether named or not. With this right of punishing wrong *per se*, what need of the Code? Why not abolish it and leave the Student to his own conscience and fear of punishment to restrain him? Certainly if these will not do it, something else than the Code must be resorted to.

A positive evil is created by the Code in this manner. There are some laws specified in it which every Student knows he cannot pass through College without breaking. Yet he cannot be matriculated without giving his oath to keep them. So he makes a virtue of necessity and takes the oath, with a mental reservation, or justifying himself by the plea that it is compulsory. I have known some Students postpone becoming matriculated as long as possible, expressly because they did not wish to perjure themselves any sooner than necessary. If these statements cannot be refuted, ought not Mother Yale to abolish her Code of Laws? It is a sign of weakness not to be able to govern without a printed volume of laws, when all that is necessary for the government of young men is to suppose them afflicted with a slight sprinkling of common sense, and respect for what deserves respect. Without this all the laws in the world will have no effect. With this, laws only make their makers ridiculous, and tempt unfortunate youth to the pleasure of breaking them.

The next change which I could wish made in College institutions is one to which I am led by merciful regard for some of my unfortunate classmates. It is in regard to College Appointments. After two years have been spent, during which some, by reason of ill health, sore eyes, or youthful folly, have wasted or lost their opportunities so as to obtain a low or no appointment for Junior Exhibition, it is no more than fair they should be allowed, if they wish, to retrieve their characters and standings during the remaining years; and to know that by being faithful during this time they can receive an honorable award at its close. It certainly is just. Junior Appointments are the reward of the first two years. Senior Appointments should be of the last. But as it now is, excepting those who enter as Juniors, those really wishing to "make an effort" for the remainder of their course are discouraged by the certainty that however diligently they may apply themselves, they have their past sins pulling them down and effectually preventing their rising. The result is, that many who are anxious to stand higher, both on their own account and that of friends, are discouraged at the outset. One of these characters asked an officer

of College, if it was possible for him to obtain an appointment at Commencement. The reply was "If you can take a Philosophical stand from now till then (*two years*) you *perhaps* might obtain a *Second Colloquy*!" Is it wonderful that the attempt was respectfully declined?" Where is the injustice of allowing all to start even, for the last two years? If those who have already won cannot keep their honors, they ought to lose them. Now they can work leisurely and rely on their acquired momentum to carry them through; knowing that their might-be rivals are burdened with a weight which will prevent their progress. This reform, while it could result in no evil, would elevate the standard of scholarship and prevent many from wasting their opportunities and neglecting regular College duties for reading, or worse occupations. Is it not a needed reform?

There is one other evil here to which I wish to direct attention. An evil which although apparently small, results as seriously as any. It is the lack of friendly intercourse between Faculty and Students. The latter come here strangers to every one. They are met by the Faculty as their guardians; perhaps invited to their acquaintance, probably *not*; certainly never urged. I know a classmate who brought a letter of introduction to a Professor from one of the Professor's classmates. Professor read the letter, smiled, bowed and—that was all. Under the circumstances, the Freshman did not cultivate the Professor's acquaintance. Of course, the majority of Students have no means of making acquaintances excepting through the Faculty. Some fortunately—as the present writer—ask no better company than their books and meditations; particularly abominate society, and when they think it necessary to spend a social evening, desire no greater or more ethereal pleasure than to invite some kindred minds to their room, and there indulge in some metaphysical discussion, as to the "*Primum Cognitum*," or the "*History of the Conditioned*." Thus pleasure never, though stern duty sometimes, calls such ones out to mingle with the unappreciating world.

But there are some unfortunate beings in College, who, having come from a distance, accustomed to pleasant evenings spent in friendly intercourse, long during their four years sojourn in a strange place, for an occasional interlude in the tedious monotony of student evenings, and wish for some friendly place where they might exorcise the Student's devil—the blues—with an hour of social chat.

The result of a lack of sociality from those where alone they can expect it, is very evident. Forced to find some relief, it is sought perhaps in a night's carousal, or in the company of those of a lower grade,

who readily receive them. Either resort is to be deprecated, and must result at least in a diminution of self-respect. They are the first steps to a total loss of character. And this results from the influence of the Faculty—for which they have many excuses—in treating Students, save a favored few, as strangers. The evil is apparent as is also the remedy.

There are many lesser improvements needed here. Would, O Tender Faculty, that your limbs could be compelled to rest for several Sundays on the seats you furnish us in Chapel! It is a cruel punishment to desire for any man, but possibly sad experience might convince, where complaints will not. Seats of the hardest boards, placed at an agonizing angle with the backs, so that the poor benumbed body is compelled to seek relief in sleep, only to be harassed with dreams of marks, warnings and letters home. The aching limbs of five hundred Students cry aloud for cushions "*ab imo pectore*."

There would be no object in asking for these improvements were it not evident that Yale is a progressive Institution. Many reforms have been made during the last few years. Changing prayers from the middle of the night to morning, the building of a gymnasium, abolition of evening prayers, &c., all show that the officers of Yale are not afraid of reform.

When in 1871 I return to Yale to attend my Class Decennial, bringing with me my adorable and the "wee tottlins," to show them where the head of the family obtained the intellectual development which fitted him to adorn so well the honorable and responsible position in life which he will then occupy, I expect to find Mother Yale, not looking like a Grandmother, but with her old cap and frills gone, her wrinkles removed, her spectacles off, her false hair and snuff box no longer visible, but like the fresh and blooming matron that she is, rejoicing in her children, and a source of pride as well as joy to them. I expect to visit 27 South, and find there no longer the carpet covered with mud in rainy weather, or the room reeking with the odor of kerosene, but well lighted with gas, with water accommodations nearer than old South Pump, and at the top of every flight of stairs a large *mat*, furnished by the enterprising Faculty, taking away the necessity of stumbling over one at every door. I expect to find more paving stones and less mud, sweeps less afraid of finding dirt, and aquarius more cleanly. With such large hopes for the future I leave old Yale, while her elms sorrowfully nod a kind good-bye, and the wind, whistling through her halls, wails for the bright light she is losing, and whispers Mispah.

J. C. K.

## About Faces.

ALEXANDER POPE, in a didactic strain, gave us our proper intellectual occupation, in those now trite words :

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

This is somewhat indefinite, unspecific—therein, it may be remarked, lies a distinction between poetry and prescriptions. Poetry’s charm in general lies in its unworldliness : does it touch on everyday duties and deeds, it must not risk its dignity by too close handling. As thus indefinite, we are privileged in speculating, in a weak way, on the line,—not on its truth, but the methods it may be applied. The “proper study” indicated, is somewhat extended ; the matter of some millions of volumes, bound variously in white, black, and copper color, and every volume full of puzzle and wonder. Evidently, in studying mankind, it is out of question to study every man or everything about a man. Here then taste must have a voice.

It is certainly an orthodox, if not an original doctrine, to declare the mind, far above all else we meet with, the most worthy object of our best attention. With its mention a peculiar study, of no mean merits, steps in—the study of Faces. Its relationship to the study of the mind, differing in ordinary means as it does, is a perfectly valid one. Its end is better to understand our mysterious nature ; if it arrives there by unusual eccentric routes, or if its work is only half accomplished, the dignity of the end will excuse much in the means.

Some of the study’s peculiarities are, that under the shadow of a dignified aim, we have a very easy and interesting occupation—a pursuit with hands washed of wrinkled brows and a midnight lamp. Instead of dealing directly with a very intangible, shadowless personage, whose birthplace, exact residence, and precise destination you know nothing of, it is satisfied with its revelations in the eyes. It has breathing life to deal with, and Art as a handmaid and helper, whereby you may read men’s characters of a century ago.

It may not be out of the way to learn the tastes of mankind, of the past and present, in the matter of this “proper study,” using *art* as an index or revelation. If I have read aright, they have taken two directions, either devoted to the Form or Face as favorite subjects, and the two periods are known respectively as those of Greek and Christian Art. In the first the Form was perfectly rendered, the Face but poorly. The influence of Christian sentiments turned the scale.

Men came to regard the mud-garment, which chance had shapen or misshapen, as almost unworthy of thought; but that there should be an earnest seeking for glimpses of the mysterious dweller locked within, that its workings on its only index—its smiles and hate—should all be carefully noted in colors or marble, was a natural consequence in minds awakened to the vastness of the soul's destiny.

It would be too late a discovery to find that this study was an eminently practical one. It may decide charity in many cases and regulate confidence in a certain degree, but it is the peculiar province of the curious Student—to such as seek wherewith to relieve the general tedium of existence, in spectacles of oddity, ugliness or beauty. Its ultimatum is not dollars or fame, but a peculiar satisfaction comprehended in the artist-classification of books, pictures and the face of Nature as the great sources of happiness in life.

There is a certain amount of pleasure in reading painted faces and in comparing your individual judgment of the face with the historical character of its possessor. Art best pleases as it is a faithful representation of what we have at some time seen or have some notion of; outside the limits its effect is usually lost. A desert scene, though it be of far more sublime conception and though its horizon, tents, camels and all are rendered by a master-hand, will in most cases please less than the Village Blacksmith. And so those art-faces please in general best, which are the embodiments of features we have sometime seen, heard of, or dreamt of. More than half the pleasure in looking on the storm-swept face of a Lear or the calm suffering of an Evangeline is in seeing how far and how well the artist has shaped our ideal conceptions. Opportunity or taste, however, may not lead our philosopher among works of art: but breathing life is a better field, as much as universally the original is better than the imitated. Here some choice of place must be made, at churches and parties, hypocrisy, in a mild sense, is too prevalent. The true essence of a face is best caught in its every-day, unguarded suit. Street-life with its restless forms of varied nature is better; reviving it leisurely from a shady *Stoic* schoolhouse if the day is hot, or, still better, if your philosophic courage amounts to a Diogenic disregard of appearances, penetrating into dark alleys and dirty by-ways. Faces, washed or unwashed, are faces still, and stamped the same with some expression. In pacing these life-galleries, with their animated pictures framed in beards and bonnets, you are struck with the quick succession of extremes or opposites. No artistic taste could better oppose and contrast melody and discord, than chance does, unlike characters generally, in these

street combinations. The gay treads on the heels of the sad: energy brushes by indolence, and sympathy goes hand in hand with sorrow. A Daniel Peggotty face, with its "massive gravity," moves by and is followed by one as indefinite and unexpressive as an Ossianic ghost's. Sunny, summer afternoons faces will meet you, fashioned for the benevolent end of scattering blue devils and lighting up our path as Spenser's heroine's did the darksome wood, when

"Her angel face  
Like the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright  
And made a sunshine in that shady place."

Then a vacant face comes in view,—a look not of *nonchalance* nor simplicity, but an absolute blank of expression,

—"Without either thought or emotion  
E'en as the face of a clock, from which the hands have been taken."

—Hurried, feverish business faces, in all the agonies of a penniless ghost before Charon, flit by unconscious dignity.—Faces "seamed with sickness, convulsed by passion, shadowed by sorrow, branded with remorse," are surprised at the next corner by healthy innocence. Calculating, trading faces will be followed by pale mother ones, in full remembrance of other clean though hungry faces at home, wistfully eyeing meal-bags for their own sake. Serious, thoughtful faces will be found wondering at rollicking, jolly faces in more than one respect,

"Like a live coal, from which the ashes are blown."

Careful faces will give the way to careless ones. Timid boy-faces will be awed by owl-faced wisdom. Inquiring, Micawber-faces will be answered by depressed Gummidge-faces, betokening something of no very exquisite humor *has* "turned up." Faces stamped deep with sensuality and crime will in a moment be offset by faces, with up-looking eyes of Madonna purity, indefinably suggestive of cathedral atmospheres and strong faith-hymns. Cheery, vivacious faces, which vexatious and petty troubles never reach, and to which sorrow only comes mellowed by faith, are trebly answered by faces so essentially solemn, as to awaken suspicion they are attempting a subsistence on that extravagant poetic diet, which one, Beaumont, in a confidential mood, divulges,

"A midnight bell, a passing groan  
These are the sounds we feed upon."

Our philosopher would be somewhat unworthily occupied, though, if he were content with mere impressions. Of these various combina-



tions of features—odd, laughable, tragical—he meets with, some must please and some not. Insensibly even, he will arrive at some notions of beauty in them. It would be an useless task, however, to be busied about what a beautiful face *is*. Any ventured judgment of that sort, would be of a delicate and suspicious character, where individual tastes are so various. *Wherein* the true beauty of a face lies is a safer, more rational topic. John Ruskin has given us a grand division of beauty into *typical* and *vital*. The distinction can easily be fitted to the beauty of features. The domain of the typical embraces every expression of the soul's make—every shadowing forth of its nature in them. The vital pertains to matter and its happy arrangement. To the latter belong the exquisite mould of a brow or the warm tinge of health. The former has but two lodging-houses, the eyes and the *mouth*. Should the question of preponderance then arise, which of the two classes of beauty is the most beautiful, the philosopher in true taste can respond to but in one way, in favor of the typical. It may seem a little odd that the intellectual should predominate in the mouth. A casual observer fresh from a Henry Clay lithograph would be put on his honor that he had not detected a trace of loveliness in that lock-jaw shaped feature; but we are assured it is an unfailing index of all the light, transient emotions of the soul, and if so it is beautiful. Its unstable, wavering lines are swayed by the slightest soul-breath and set quivering in grief or rippling in humor in an instant; and knit in determination or pursued in plousiocratic vanity they are alike clear revelations of character. The "windows of the soul"—no matter how stained—will fail to conceal much of the occupant. For the curious, Leigh Hunt lays down the law thus: "The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. The look of sense is proportional to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and to be pleased."

These two then, when beautiful, must decide the beauty of a face. It would be extravagant to say there was no beauty outside them; that the curve of a brow or the color of a cheek were nought, but not so to affirm them far inferior; they are earthy and subservient. It was these two—a frank, generous mouth and clear, honest eyes that rendered "gentle Elia," a handsome man, though veracious biographies and engravings do not conceal the fact that to ordinary eyes he was a miserable dyspeptic object. Their deeper significance makes the beauty of age,

"When neither avarice, cunning, pride, nor care  
Have stamped the seal of gray deformity  
On all the mingling lineaments of time,"—

no affectionate delusion but a happy verity.

Our philosopher having thus delivered himself in his ponderous, sagacious way, of the various ill-defined ideas that haunted his befogged mind, doubtless relapsed into a deep silence as he returned to this dwelling, and arranged himself philosophically, with his philosophic aids to reflection, in his wide-armed, high-backed chair, before his well-filled grate. Still more probable is it that, if he was of sentimental turn, (of which we half suspect the old fellow,) he fell to summoning from the glowing coals and reviewing his shadowy troop of dream-faces, philosophically framed after no special, earthy prototypes, of every shade, the music of that wonderful Cricket on the Hearth, from bright to sad, but all untainted with the little passions of the faces of earth.

J. P. P.

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### In Memory of President Stiles.

THE LIT. has been favored at different times with the contributions of several diligent curiosity-hunters, and no wonder if already the most available topics in the antiquarian line have been thoroughly canvassed. In the Lit. for March, 1857, however, a subject was introduced, but has not since been prosecuted, which deserves more notice in these pages. The subject is the unpublished manuscripts of President Stiles, and, if you will go with me to the College Library, I will tell you something of these manuscripts and their author.

You know, I dare say, that Ezra Stiles was the President of Yale College near the close of the last century, that is, from 1777 to 1795. Tradition tells us that he was a strict disciplinarian, a universal scholar, a sincere Christian; and, more particularly, he was the indefatigable collector of some forty manuscript volumes, which, bequeathed at his death to the archives of Yale College, are here stored in the reading room of the Library, within the identical yellow-painted pine case made to contain them. Allow me to introduce them to you, and, to a convenient extent, illustrate their contents.

To begin, here are five volumes of an Itinerary, of whose composition you can judge from its name. We can picture the old Doctor, whenever he leaves home, if only for a pulpit exchange in the next village, with a dozen carefully folded sheets of paper, deposited in his breast pocket, and often in requisition to receive the pencil-record of some wayside incident or conversation; and then, wherever he halts, we see him ferreting out old or curious books, manuscripts, persons and things, until, filling at length his pocket companion with the results of these researches, he binds together some six hundred pages of such memoranda, and labels a volume of his Itinerary.

But we have not yet seen half of our treasures. For here is a Literary Diary in fifteen volumes, extending over forty years, for the first half of which, Dr. Stiles was a pastor in Newport, R. I., and the latter half, President of this seat of learning. The voluminous pile, enriched with much to interest even the cursory reader, will doubtless afford material for some future attempt at a sketch of the literary history of North America during the last half of the eighteenth century.

Here, too, is one precious volume of carefully selected statistics of the ecclesiastical history of New England, which has already served as a basis for so many later investigations that it now contains but little unpublished matter; yet, once look through it, and you may conceive what labor its compilation must have involved.

Our survey is incomplete without notice of those half dozen volumes of thermometrical records, of those few volumes of transcripts from manuscript Journals, &c., valuable to New England history, but mostly existing now in print, with here a volume of miscellaneous Hebrew and Arabic writings, and there a volume of statistics deduced from thirty years' experience in raising silk-worms, and *finally*, if your interest is not overwearied, pause to look over the letters accumulated in these forty years, from correspondents in each quarter of the globe; a collection especially rich in American names, comprising celebrities of every grade, from Washington and Franklin to William Wickham. Of the handwriting of the last worthy, the redoubtable founder of the Linonian Society, a single specimen is here preserved, (let no unbelieving Brother question its authenticity!) dated in 1761, when the writer was a youthful "limb of the law," eight years after graduation, in New York City.

I cannot attempt by selections to do justice to these invaluable manuscripts, so I only add a few passages from the Itinerary and the Diary, as amusing or curious. And first read this instance of Rhode Island vindictiveness a century ago:

"March 19, 1761.—This Winter was a Justice Court in Scituate in this Colony, at which were assembled most of the Justices of Gloucester, Smithfield, &c., where a monkey was indicted for spreading the small pox, upon the statute of this Colony, which makes it capital. He was formally arraigned, and upon his standing mute, evidences examined. He was found guilty, condemned and executed. He had in fact communicated the disease."

Read another entry of the same year, and see how a minister of that age earned a new suit of clothes :

"Jan. 20, 1761.—I preached a funeral sermon on the death of his majesty King George the Second, on which occasion the pulpit was hung in mourning, which after two or three Sabbaths was taken down and given to me, made up into a cloth coat and breeches, and a velvet coat and breeches."

In May, 1781, Dr. Stiles visited Rev. Dr. Williams of Long Meadow, Mass., a Student in Harvard College from 1709 to 1713, and preserves this reminiscence :

"Pres. Leverett expounded Scriptures twice a week publicly. He was on the tenth chapter of Genesis most of Dr. Williams' residence at College."

Query : what time would be necessary for the exposition of the whole Bible, or even the Book of Genesis, at this rate ? Read, moreover, the brief entry at the death of the first pastor of our own College Church.

"March 5, 1781.—Occupied with taking inventory of Prof. Daggett's estate. £416 silver money, of which about £100 in Negroes."

Dismissing the last clause without comment, I proceed to give you the President's recipe for a stomach-ache.

"Feb. 6, 1783.—I resumed smoking, which I have left off almost five years:—for a pain in my breast."

Perhaps you are skeptical in regard to the reputed length of sermons among the early generations of New England, and I select one out of many notes of Dr. Stiles, which set at rest our doubts :

"May 17, 1787.—Preached at ordination of Mr. Henry Channing, New London. Sermon extended from XI. 47, to I. 36 ; (one hour forty-nine minutes)."

Compare with the Chapel services of our day. Here is a notice of "Old South Middle," which was until 1793 "the new College."

"Nov. 13, 1778.—The new College is 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, containing 32 rooms ; three assigned to each room."

The light in which the Brothers and Linonia were then regarded is a matter of interest, and to that end consider the following :

"April 6, 1782.—There are two academic fraternities in College : the Linonian and the Brothers in Unity. \* \* \* \* \* They have carried all things secret in

their anniversaries hitherto; yet lately inviting gentlemen and ladies in town, their entertainments and dramatic exhibitions have become of notoriety no longer to be concealed. The general sense of the members of both has been against carrying dramatical exhibitions to the greatest length; others have been zealous for the whole drama; and a litigation has arisen in each to the height of vehement personal reflexion and abuse. Yesterday morning I—— was excluded on that account; and I understood that yesterday was formed a third society consisting of a secession from both others, and that last evening they held an anniversary festivity or rather commencement of the Society at Dr. ——'s, where they acted a tragedy. This is secret history coming to me in such a manner that I cannot animadvert upon it at present. However I believe it all for the best, a purification of the first two Societies from their gay, jovial, tumultuous members, and an aggregation of the wild characters in College into a Society in which they will either in the first plan act out themselves so boldly as to necessitate a suppression by authority, or else be induced to reformation and regularity by advice and danger of incurring the animadversions and retributions of the Corporation, as well as executive authority."

As a comment on this passage let me subjoin an extract or two from the archives of Linonia :

"April 5, 1782.—This morning a special meeting was holden at Catlin's room, when we proceeded to examine into the conduct of *Stiles* who was accused of speaking insolent and dishonorable language against this Society, and thereby degrading its dignity. Consequently he was sent for, and as he refused to make any recantation, it was thought expedient to expell him. Accordingly he was expelled from all the rights and privileges of this flourishing community."

Again :

"April 15, A. D., 1782.—This Society convened according to adjournment at Denison's room, when we passed the following vote, viz.: that we will restore the revolvers to their standing, provided they will make proper recantations for their conduct, and promise to behave themselves for the future as becomes the members of this Society, and if not, that they shall be allowed the liberty of taking dismissions, and if they refuse to comply with either, that they shall be expelled. Accordingly they were reinstated, except Jocelin, who asked for a dismission which was granted. After which, and admitting Isaacs and Roe (who were regularly dismissed from the meeting styled Brothers in Unity,) as members of this Society, we retired to our rooms with the greatest order and decency.

Test. BARNES, Scribe."

Thus ended this ancient secession from Linonia, and we recognize in the person initialed I—— in the President's Diary, and named Stiles in the Society records, the President's younger son Isaac, who was afterwards lost at sea.

F. B. D.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

The following were announced in Chapel, March 19, as the prizes awarded to the Sophomore Class for English Composition.

	<i>First Division.</i>	<i>Second Division.</i>
1st Prize.—	{ G. W. Allen, L. T. Chamberlain.	J. S. Fiske.
2d Prize.—	{ E. B. Bingham, E. Blakeslee.	{ S. W. Duffield, G. S. Hamlin.
3d Prize.—	{ G. W. Atherton, Jacob Berry.	{ H. T. Dimock, W. B. Dunning.
	<i>Third Division.</i>	<i>Fourth Division.</i>
1st Prize.—	{ E. P. Hyde, W. C. Reed.	{ W. G. Sumner, W. C. Whitney.
2d Prize.—	F. W. Matteson.	C. Whitehead.
3d Prize.—	T. A. Kennet, J. B. Mitchell.	H. M. Whitney.

### CHESS IN YALE.

Chess is an institution at Yale. From that mythical period when the "first Freshman" deciphered chess problems, because he had no one to play with, down to the present day, it has always had its admirers; and there have always been some to engage in the exciting contests of the "chequered field." Of late years, the interest felt in the game has found expression in the Yale Chess Club; and the annual match games between the classes, held under the auspices of this institution, yearly revive this interest, and give a new impulse to Chess at Yale. These annual games are usually three in number: one between the Seniors and Juniors, one between the Sophomores and Freshmen, and a third, between the victors in the preceding games, to decide the championship for the year. The following were elected the present year to represent their respective classes:

S. E. BALDWIN and J. A. DAVENPORT,—*Seniors*,  
W. W. JOHNSON and C. N. JUDSON,—*Juniors*.  
C. O. BLATCHLEY and C. WEBSTER,—*Sophomores*.  
W. E. BARNETT and F. H. BETTS,—*Freshmen*.

In the first game the Seniors were victorious; in the second, the Freshmen; in the third, between the victors, the Seniors were again successful. The championship for the present year, therefore, as in the two years preceding, belongs to the Class of '61.

## JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Junior Exhibition of the Class of '62 took place Tuesday afternoon and evening, April 2nd. The music was furnished by Dodworth's Band.

The following is the "Order of Exercises."

## AFTERNOON.

1. Music.
2. Dissertation, "Self-denial a Condition of True Greatness," by Harrison Maltzberger, *Reading, Pa.*
3. Dissertation, "Sir William Wallace," by Charles Henry Rowe, *Farmington.*
4. Oration, "The Bitterness of the World," by Joseph Fitz Randolph, *Trenton, N. J.*
5. Music.
6. Dissertation, "Queen Anne's Time," by William Platt Ketcham, *New York City.*
7. Oration, "The Life of the Agriculturist," by Frederic Augustus Ward, *Farmington.*
8. Dissertation, "Intolerance of Opinion," by Thomas Gairdner Thurston, *Kaiku, Hawaiian Is.*
9. Music.
10. Oration, "Sintram," by Thomas Burgis Kirby, *New Haven.*
11. Oration, "The Claims of Age," by Ira Rush Alexander, *Lewiston, Pa.*
12. Dissertation, "Lord Bacon," by William Lewis Matson, *Hartford.*
13. Music.
14. Dissertation, "United Effort," by Hiram Hollister Kimpton, *Ticonderoga, N. Y.*
15. Dissertation, "The Creative Power of Man," by George Lee Woodhull, *Sayville, N. Y.*
16. Oration, "The Power of Secrecy over Popular Opinion," by George Miller Beard, *Andover, Mass.*
17. Music.
18. Dissertation, "Self-renunciation," by Charles Burt Sumner, *Southbridge, Mass.*
19. Oration, "The Bible as an Educator," by James Henry Crosby, *Bangor, Me.*
20. Philosophical Oration, "Revolution and Reform," by John Wesley Alling, *Orange.*
21. Music.

## EVENING.

1. Music.
2. Greek Oration, "Ο Περικλῆς ἐν τῷ Ἀθηναίων δήμῳ πρωτεύων," by John Phelps Taylor, *Andover, Mass.*
3. Dissertation, "Lorenzo de'Medici," by Richard Skinner,\* *Chicago, Ill.*
4. Oration, "William the Silent," by Grosvenor Starr, *New Haven.*
5. Dissertation, "Guiseppe Garibaldi," by Charles Woolsey Coit, *Norwich.*
6. Music.
7. Dissertation, "The Intellectual Phase of our National Character," by Walter Lowrie McClintock, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
8. Oration, "Savonarola," by Charles Eustis Hubbard, *Boston, Mass.*
9. Dissertation, "Lord Macaulay," by William Lampson, *LeRoy, N. Y.*
10. Music.

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\* Excused on account of sickness.

11. Dissertation, "The Bar as a field for Eloquence," by Melville Cox Day, *Biddeford, Me.*
12. Oration, "Prescott as an Historian," by Richard Morse, *New York City.*
13. Poem, "Byron in Greece," by Robert Kelley Weeks, *New York City.*
14. Music.
15. Dissertation, "Manliness," by Daniel Egerton Hemenway, *Suffield.*
16. Oration, "The Colonial Training of the American People," by Frederic Adams, *Orange, N. J.*
17. Oration, "Romanism and free Institutions," by Henry Hamlin Stebbins, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
18. Music.
19. Oration, "The Norman Element in English History," by Edward Benton Coe, *New York City.*
20. Oration, "Adherence to Right, the true Basis of National Life," by Daniel Henry Chamberlain, *Worcester, Mass.*
21. Philosophical Oration, "The Puritan and the Stoic," by Cornelius Ladd Kitchell, *Detroit, Mich.*
22. Music.

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### Editor's Table.

"With thee, all toils are sweet."—*Byron.*

"With thee conversing, I forget all time."—*Milton.*

With the permission of our two distinguished friends who were better enabled than we are to court the "heavenly muse," we dedicate the first quotation to the Y. L. M., and the second to our readers; and we most respectfully request both parties addressed to confide in our Editorial word when we assure them, that we endorse those poetical sentiments from the very bottom of our Editorial hearts.

It matters not that, out of a regard to the external appearance of our dear Lit., we have made innumerable pilgrimages from the fourth story of North College to the third story of our Printer's building in State street; that we have labored assiduously over yellow paged literature; that we have been unusually careful about our "p's and q's;" that we have more than once been sorely tempted by that spirit of darkness who is always demanding, in terms more brief than soothing, "Copy Sir, more copy." Notwithstanding these toils, and innumerable others, be it known to you, Dear "Maga" that all, "all are sweet." We are glad to have been enrolled as your "body guard," and hope that they who guard your sacred and venerable person, will always be as loyal in heart as we have tried to be.

As to the second part of our text, dear readers, it is but just to say that it requires a good deal of discipline to enable us to give it a hearty and sincere utterance. But strength has been mercifully granted us according to our necessities, and although we have had our editorial patience tried in ways the hardest for humanity to bear, we have succeeded in so schooling our formerly sensitive spirits as to bear all things from all men, and that too in a spirit of Mosaic meekness. And so it is with a heart brim full of kindness for you all, that we seat ourselves at this same old Table, where for five and twenty years before us, our brethren in the



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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